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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett

AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE



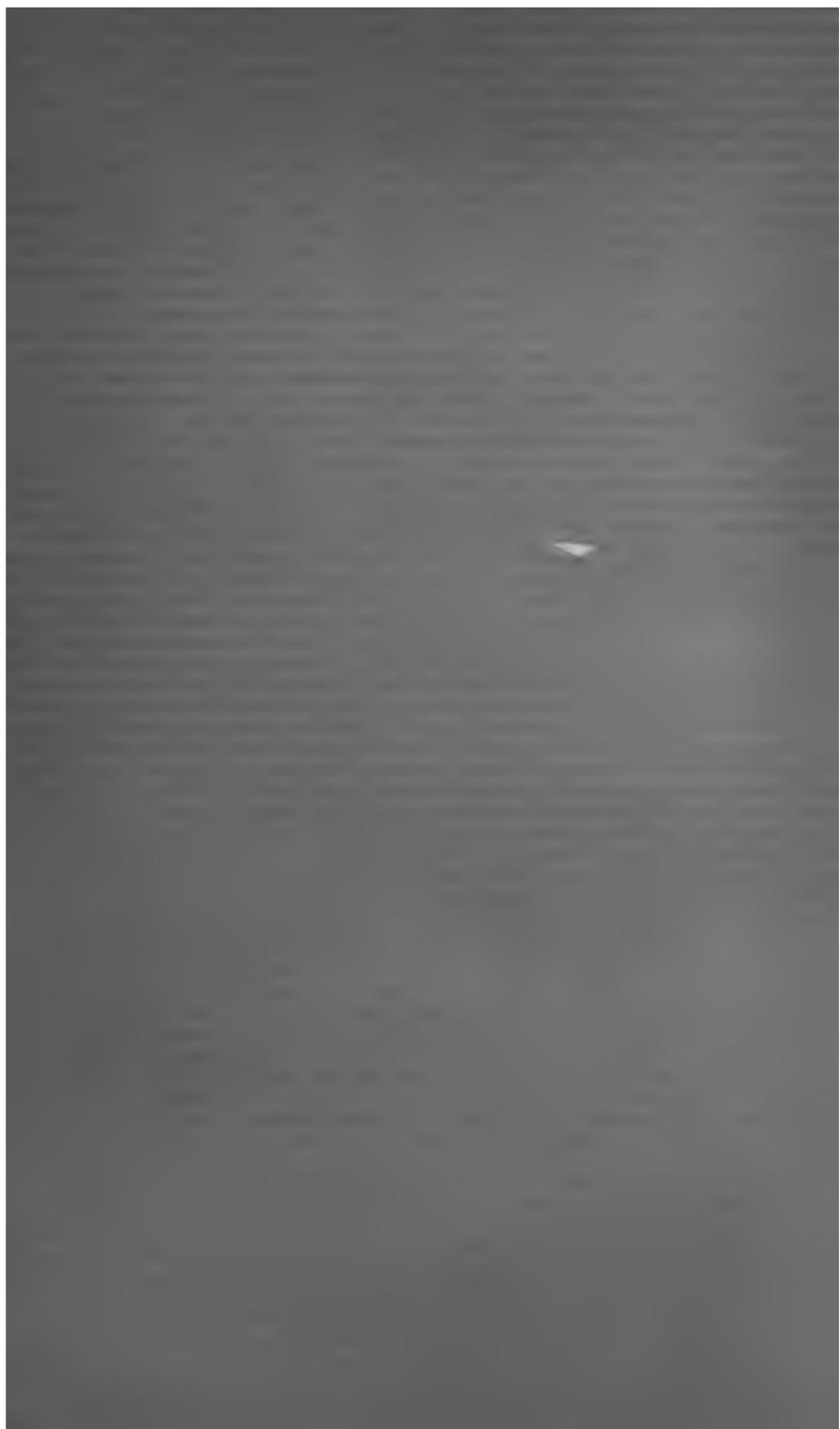
BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

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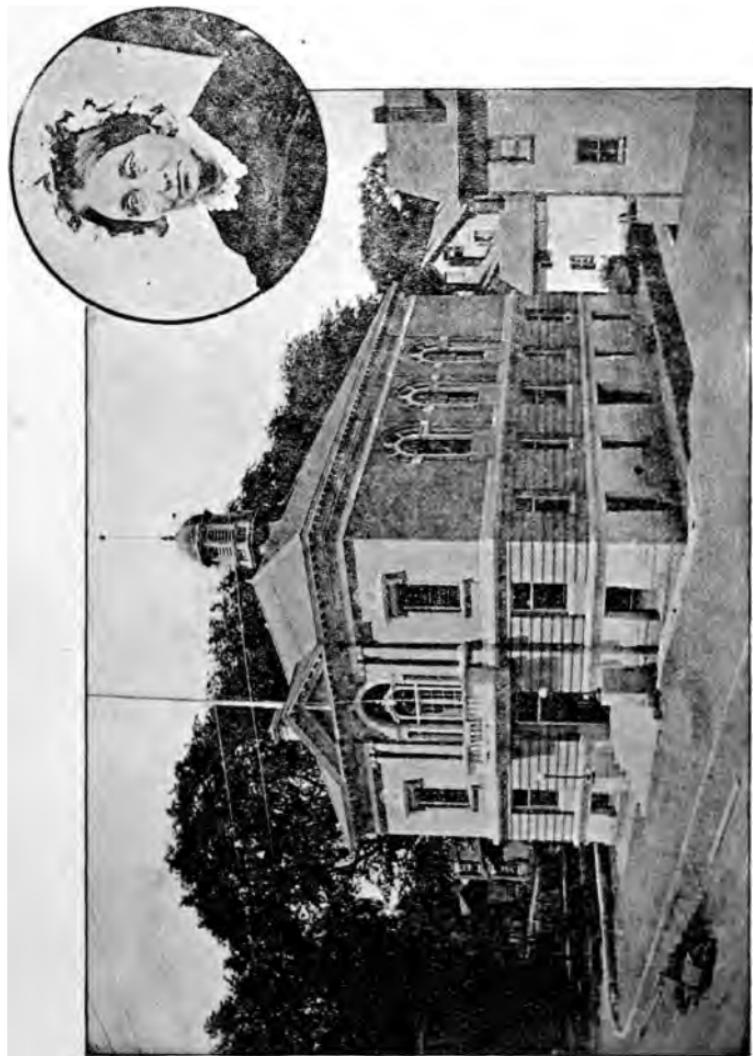
Hallowell Reunion



Compliments of

E. M. Henderson

City Clerk.



THE NEW CITY HALL - WITH PORTRAIT OF MRS. LOWELL.

CITY HALL DEDICATON

AND

HALLOWELL REUNION,

WITH

ORATION, POEM, LETTERS,

AND REGISTER OF VISITORS.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1899.

HALLOWELL:
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1899.

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The year 1851.

The purpose of this little pamphlet is to preserve in suitable form the main features of the Hallowell Reunion, celebrated Wednesday July 12, in connection with the dedication of the new and beautiful City Hall, the gift of the late Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell. The happy conception of a reunion was adopted by the Hallowell Improvement Society, and carried to a most successful termination. May this first Reunion lead to others, equally pleasant and profitable.

DEDICATION OF THE CITY HALL.

The services of the day began with the dedication of the beautiful City Hall at 2.30 P. M. As with all important functions, the hour was of necessity somewhat delayed, but the moments passed most pleasantly. Hon. James H. Leigh, chairman of the building committee, presided. The honored guests were Governor Powers, Hon. J. W. Bradbury, Adjt. Gen. Richards, and Prof. C. F. Richardson, the orator of the day.

The order of exercises in detail was as follows:—

March—"Hands Across the Sea,"	<i>Sousa</i>
Dennis' Orchestra.	
Singing,	Chorus of School Children
Prayer,	Rev. D. E. Miller
Overture—"Ungarische Lustspiel,"	<i>Keler-Bela</i>
Dennis' Orchestra.	
Presentation of Keys,	Mr. Ben Tenney
Acceptance of Same,	Mayor G. A. Safford
Vocal Selection,	Miss Mountfort
Poem of Welcome,	Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt
Oration—"Civic Virtue,"	Prof. C. F. Richardson
Selection—"The Serenade,"	<i>Victor Herbert</i>
Dennis' Orchestra.	
Singing—"Auld Lang Syne,"	Audience
A Hunting Scene—Descriptive,	<i>Bucalossi</i>
Dennis' Orchestra.	

Mr. Ben Tenney, of the Building Committee, in well-chosen words, presented the keys of the new hall to Mayor George A. Safford, as the representative of the city's interests. Mayor Safford's Address of Acceptance gives a merited tribute to Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell, with considerable historical matter relating to the city and the new hall.

MAYOR SAFFORD'S ADDRESS.

The pleasant duty has been assigned to me, and by the generous suffrage of our citizens I have been honored with the position of accepting for them and in their name this splendid testimonial of the esteem and affection of a noble-hearted woman for her native city: and by the authority of the City Council of the city of Hallowell in me vested I do accept for them and in the name of the city of Hallowell this city hall, the gift of Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell. In so doing permit me to assure you of our appreciation of the obligation we owe to the generous woman whom you represent.

This is indeed a joyous occasion. Not only do we today dedicate one of the finest public buildings in the State, a gift unincumbered by conditions or restraints except the oft-repeated hope that we shall sufficiently appreciate it to keep it clean and respectable, but also are we permitted today to extend the warm hand of welcome to a large number of former residents, who attest their love for our little city and the regard for its citizens by assembling in so large numbers and assisting in these services. Yet I doubt not there comes to the heart and mind of every person present deep and sincere sorrow that she who made this occasion and this building possible could not have been permitted by Him who doeth all things for the best to meet with us today, to personally receive the expressions of esteem, affection and appreciation from our people, in whom she took so kindly an interest.

That her earnest wish could not have been consummated, with the pleasure to which she looked forward with such keen interest, of meeting and knowing more intimately the citizens of a town in which she had lived practically all her life, and which she loved with a depth of affection truly wonderful to see, is to be deeply regretted. Modest in her desires, unassuming in her character and with no thought for display, Mrs. Lowell wished that you should dedicate



MAYOR GEO. A. SAFFORD.

this building to her God, her city and her family name—a name in which she took just pride; a name which has been interwoven in the history of this city since its inception, a name which is symbolical of that sturdy, honest New England character, of which we are all so proud: a name which she would perpetuate for years to come by this memorial building. “Build it good and strong, that it may stand for the years to come,” was her oft-repeated admonition to me; and her instructions have been carefully carried out.

Tradition and history agree that the first settlers of the Hallowell of to-day, the Hook as it was called, were her ancestors, Deacon Pease Clark and son Peter, who moved their families here in 1762, although undoubtedly coming here prospecting at a much earlier date—about 1752. They landed from the vessel which brought them here nearly opposite the Currier tavern lot and passed their first night in their new home under the body of a cart which they had brought with them; the next day a camp of boughs was built near the present site of the cotton factory and later boards were rafted from the Cobbossee settlement, now Gardiner, and the first house in Hallowell was built on the sight now occupied by Capt. G. S Johnson's residence. The tracts of land which they had secured were 50 rods wide each and extending from the river back one mile included the strip extending from Academy south to about Grove street.

The Hallowell of those days, though having but few inhabitants, was of large area, extending from Bowman's Point, where the Berlin Mills saw mill is now located, in Farmingdale, back from the river, on the east side, five miles, thence north nine miles, thence west five miles, to the river, and on the west side extending west about five miles, thence south to a point near Hammond's, the old stone bound between Hallowell and Winthrop still standing, then following the east side of the Cobbosseecontee or Great Pond to the outlet, and down the stream and east to

the first-mentioned point—embracing a territory of about 90 square miles, while today we have but four square miles. From this original territory have come in part or wholly the city of Augusta, which was separated from its parent town in 1797; the towns of Chelsea, Farmingdale, West Gardiner and Manchester. During one of these slicing processes by the Legislature, our representative, Judge Gilman, whom most of the older persons remember, in protesting against a further reduction of our territory, remarked in his characteristically quaint manner that, when death overtook him, he hoped sufficient territory would be left of the town to receive his long form so that one part would not have to rest in another town.

For several years Mrs. Lowell had had under consideration some suitable present to our city, and about two years ago it was my pleasure to be apprised of her wish to present to the city a new city hall, and I was requested to procure, for her consideration, plans and specifications, embodying certain suggestions which she wished incorporated in the new building. I at once complied with her request and submitted the preliminary sketches for her approval, from which, with a few changes, the plans for the present edifice were made, and Hon. James H. Leigh, Ben Tenney and myself were selected by her as a board of trustees to superintend its construction, with authority to contract for its erection. The sum of \$18,000, including dividends, was placed in our hands. We contracted with the Hallowell Granite Works for the erection of the building for the sum of \$17,500, not including the heating or wiring and piping for light. I informed Mrs. Lowell that at least \$2000 more would be necessary, which was accordingly given to us. As the work progressed it was found that from \$3000 to \$4000 more would be needed to furnish and to add certain extras which the City Council deemed advisable. I informed Mrs. Lowell and was assured by her that the same should be forthcoming, but before she had opportunity to carry out

her intentions she was taken sick and was never after able to attend to business.

I feel that I should be remiss in my duty should I suffer this opportunity to pass without expressing for the trustees our deep appreciation of the earnest, honest efforts of the contractors, the Hallowell Granite Works, and the sub-contractors, Messrs. Nathaniel Noyes & Son and L. H. Haines, to give to our city not only a handsome building but a finely finished one. Our architect, Mr. J. McArthur Vance, assured me that the work throughout has been of the very best, characterized by the most skillful workmanship and careful attention to details, and that it would be difficult to duplicate this building with its class of workmanship for \$30,000.

Fellow citizens, I can but feel that we have been most kindly favored in the past. Friends who dearly love our little city have been most generous toward us. We have good churches, good schools, a fine and well equipped public library and a city building that compares favorably with any in the State. Duties and responsibilities rest upon us. These friends of our city ask and of a right expect that we shall be careful, honest guardians of these trusts reposed in us; that we shall ever keep our old home in a manner that will reflect credit upon us and honor upon the name they love so well, the name of Hallowell.

THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

Prof. Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, was warmly greeted by Hallowell friends. His address received the closest attention, from the first to the closing word. The abstract presented was from brief notes, and does not do full justice to the merits of the oration. Prof. Richardson's theme was:

“CIVIC VIRTUE.”

“I am a citizen of no mean city,” said the apostle, and this thought must have been in the mind of that venerable, devout and far-seeing benefactor whose memory we revere today, and whose gift we would make, for us and our successors, a help toward all that tends to develop and elevate the ancient town we love. The heritage of Hallowell is rich indeed; and nothing, perhaps, may more fitly gather or symbolize its memories and its hopes than this building, devoted to all ends befitting its civic life and its municipal control. In these dedicatory services our thoughts find expression not only in the felicitous poem by my schoolmate, which we have just enjoyed, but also in those fit lines by another honored poet and daughter of Hallowell, written for another building not less truly devoted to the well-being of the city by the river.

Hail! to the newly risen fane that waits
 With all the future beckoning at its door.
 Hail! to the tread of countless eager feet,
 That come and go the symphony to swell;
 Hail and farewell! unto the phantoms sweet
 That haunt thy shades, beloved Hallowell.
 Fair olden city on the river's shore,
 Thou through a measured century hast kept
 The grand inheritance our fathers bore,
 When to thy wilds across the seas they swept.

“A nation's greatness lies in men not acres,” said John Boyle O'Reilly in one of his best poems; and the remark surely applies to what, I believe, is territorially the smallest



PROF. CHAS. F. RICHARDSON.

municipality in America. I promise to be brief and therefore I leave to the more eloquent tongues and the more accurate memories of those who are to speak later to call the roll of honor and unfold the treasures of reminiscence; but it is impossible not to feel and to say that here and now we are encompassed, as it were, by a great crowd of invisible witnesses, whose names are at once a text and a sermon. "Hallowell," says Edward Abbott in his biographical sketch of his father Jacob, the most voluminous and popular of our own authors—who, if he had written nothing else, could never be forgotten because of Abraham Lincoln's remark that he got all the history he ever knew from Abbott's biographies—"Hallowell, at the beginning of this century, was one of the marked and promising towns of Maine. Not only was it a convenient post of observation for one who had interests in the interior to watch and guide, but its situation as the shipping port for the towns along the Kennebec valley gave it some commercial importance. It was, moreover, even at this early day, the seat of a remarkably select society, included in which were families of rare personal qualities and the highest cultivation. Among these were the Wildes, the Wingates, the Pages, the Perleys, the Moodys and the Dummers. The family which, perhaps, gave the most distinction to Hallowell was that of the Vaughans in its several branches."

I cannot mention all the other names that spring to mind: Clark, Merrick, Wild, Hubbard, Nourse, Goodale, Cheever, Glazier, Gilman, Lowell, Dole, Willey, Spaulding, Evans, Grant, Paine, Gardiner, Wall, Otis, Fuller, Merrill, Baker, Cole, Nye, Smith, Stickney, Flagg, or the Captains, Captain Watts, Captain Snow, Captain E. Cooper, Captain L. Cooper, Captains Agry, Kimball, Gray, McClintock, Wells, as numerous as the dukes of Edom, listed in the Bible. Of most we say, in the words of our gentlest American singer:

"They are no longer here, they are all gone
Into the land of shadows."

But we may also add, with the change of a single word,

"Honor and reverence and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit
Be unto them whom living we salute."

Such men as these were Hallowell, and some of them thought they saw the possible fulfilment, here in our own

streets, of dreams of commercial greatness. Their commerce, in Burke's famous phrase, "whitened the distant seas;" but, more particularly, their position at the head of Kennebec tide-water, at the time of the close of the "Half Century of Conflict" and the subsequent Revolution, seemed to promise great things. Edward A. Kimball, an English traveller of a century agone, wrote in the third volume of his experiences:

"In winter when the inhabitants can travel on the snow, the lower streets are thronged with traffikers and their sleighs. (A local name for sledge learned from the Dutch Colonists.) Hallowell is the natural emporium of a vast tract of country. I found it asserted here that from the configuration of the country, the commerce of the upper Connecticut belongs to this place. Hallowell even hopes to dispute with Montreal and Quebec, in the commerce of the new settlements in lower Canada, on the heads of the Connecticut and to the northward of New Hampshire and Vermont. Portland, which Hallowell hopes wholly to rival enjoys some portion of the Canadian commerce, but this is owing probably only to the want of roads between the new settlements and the banks of the Saint Lawrence. But Hallowell has still better prospects in the immediate contiguity of a fine grazing country."

An article in the American Encyclopedia, issued in 1807, states that Hallowell is the natural head of Kennebec navigation; that it is a better distributing point for Canada than Portland, and is sure to be one of the largest American cities. The same encyclopedia, in its article on New York, says that it will not keep growing, for if it should, by the end of the century its population would be more than 700,000, too many by far for Manhattan to hold. These two statements are eloquent of the encyclopedia's foresight and sagacity.

Hallowell has failed of its founder's dreams. The bridge at Augusta, the location of the State Capital in the same place, the dam, sometimes uttered with more vigor than beffited its meaning, other growth of certain industries in Gardiner, the "back route," the Kennebec Central; these

are all responsible in some measure for the city's shortcoming. But we feel like a serene and gracious old mother looking at more successful children and grand children. We have nothing of the apologetic attitude. Like Margaret Fuller, we accept the universe, and are content with our environment.

My theme is Civic Virtue, a subject appropriate to the time and the occasion. Especially appropriate, as we are to-day dedicating a new city hall to municipal virtue and political honesty.

"Conspicuous as is the Anglo-Saxon for his devotion to law, he strives for it not as an end, but as an instrumentality in securing his well-being and bringing about progress and civilization."

I quote this passage from McCall because it is a most succinct statement of the reason of our splendid civilization. The Anglo-Saxon has two prominent characteristics, grit and the power of assimilation. Ed. Demolins, in his "Anglo-Saxon Superiority: to What is It Due?" where he raises and answers the question in the title, says that the Anglo-Saxon race is all-conquering and all-powerful because it rears its children to independent thinking and independent action; and that no other people has kept in such close touch with the times and has such prospects for the future. But I must define what I mean by Anglo-Saxon. We are all foreign immigrants. There is no pure blooded American in this hall to-day, no North American Indian. We who have lived here for two generations are Anglo-Saxons—by virtue of assimilation. As serious as race problems are, as marked as are the differences between section and section, yet our nation is far more unified than in 1699 or 1799. There are no better Americans than those whose names, of many descents, are inscribed on yonder monument.

James Bryce, in his book on the American Commonwealth, says that the one weak point in our government

is our manner of municipal control. If this is true the fault of the failure is ours. His criticism applies only to the large cities, and in our small community the municipal is practically a town government. So small a community must serve as a civic training school. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that if we wish to find Americans we must leave Boston, New York or Chicago, and visit the smaller towns and the town-meeting, where every voter has an opportunity to share in the disposal of events. Lowell, in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," speaks of one old man who was very careful in his inspection of the candidates brought before the town-meeting and would vote for fit men only, however humble the office. Lowell adds that he would rather be defeated by vote of such a man, than obtain office without his franchise. What better citizens and Americans than those whom I have named, or mayors of our own, like Rufus K. Page, who came from shipping ownership, or Simon Page, who left large manufacturing interests, or John H. Lowell, James H. Leigh, and Augustine Lord, from business, P. F. Sanborn from finance, J. R. Bodwell from large affairs in many parts of Maine, and E. Rowell from editorial life or official service.

But what of the future? We must not simply glory in the past, nor must we cry "Ichabod," like the "ancient men" who failed to see the beauty of the new temple, because of their love for the old. New duties have come with the new century. If we have loved the old academy, the high school takes its place. The old publishing houses that made Hallowell a literary centre have passed, but the public library offers its wealth of printed matter to every one. If the old families are gone, the assimilation and Americanization of foreigners is going on continually: each element helps. We have not failed hitherto and we shall not fail in the future. Our children should be taught that a civic responsibility rests upon them. Let righteousness and intelligence enter into and elevate every relation of

citizenship and municipal life, and make the village or small city the radiating centre of the widest and most wholesome influences, for we are looking for nothing less than "the progress of mankind onward and upward forever." Is this visionary, impracticable?

The time spirit, so far as it affects the intellectual life of a people, is simply the intelligence of man dominated by a high purpose. The countrymen of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson and Webster do not need to be reminded that the brain is the servant of the soul, not less in politics than in art. The history of the United States is the history of the evolution of ideas, and ideas are the offspring of the individual mind and not necessarily the conspicuous mind.

The *Spectator*, which of all the London political press has the broadest and deepest appreciation of American social forces, sagely said, in the middle of our war of 1898, "Puritanism, stripped of its impossible dogmas, humanized, and—we may add—moralized, is one of the supreme forces of American life, underlying all the 'sensual and avaricious' tendencies on which Matthew Arnold spoke so freely to the American people. The school master and the preacher are, in short, the two factors in highest esteem, and these, when America 'finds her soul,' will always be found topmost in her social fabric, the real unacknowledged aristocracy of American life. So long as this remains true, the vessel of American democracy may be beaten about by the fierce tempests which must come, but she will not go under."

May I try to emphasize this statement with words spoken elsewhere? I have lately had occasion to study the place of sentiment in the intellectual life. It has no smaller place in the civic life. The many, inspired by sentiment, must live their art instead of painting it, or carving it, or writing it. The intellectual life, after all, is the follower not less than the shaper of the actual life that is lived by men and women in this world of daily doings.

Often the commonplace rises into the poetic. It was only last year, as you all remember, that the wooden steamship "Delaware" was destroyed by fire when off the Port of Philadelphia. As soon as the outbreak was discovered, and it was seen to be impossible to subdue it, Captain Ingram formed the sailors in a double line and without any hurry passed the women and children to the boats, each being given a blanket; while he himself stood at the head of the line and threatened to shoot the first person who started a panic. But not one craven soul appeared. As a result of his coolness and discipline, all the passengers were safely placed in the boats, and only then did the captain and crew take to the ship's rafts. The fire started about half-past ten, and twenty minutes later the vessel blew up, for the "Delaware" had on board a large quantity of ammunition for the fortifications at the entrance to the harbor. "The contrast of this behavior with that of the French and Italians on the 'Bourgogne,'" said the most cynical of English weeklies, "is emphasized by one little incident that has since come to light. A lady with a child tried to get out of the line and hurry to the gangway. 'You needn't hurry, ma'am,' said a sailor, 'we're American seamen and will see that all the women and children get off.'"

Heroes and the heroic are with us still, as was proved by that recent war, which forever, let us hope, banished sectional strife from our own borders, and at the same time made us a colonial power beyond the seas. That war, after all, was a war of sentiment, or, as it has been aptly called, of "national disinterestedness." God pity the nation that is not dominated by mind; but its mind should be led by national and international ethics. Ethics without feeling is but the shell of that righteousness which exalteth a nation. "It is not unfortunate," said a not over-hasty organ of thought at the very beginning of the Spanish-American conflict, "that a country should be swayed by

sentiment, if it has also in its temperament the power of reserve and reason. It has been said concerning art—and it applies as well to statesmanship—that there is nothing like a ‘warm heart and a cool head.’” “In fact,” says an English critic of our recent struggle, “is not the lesson of all recent warfare that personal valor is as great today as it ever was? Even in the Greco-Turkish war, in which Greece was hopelessly worsted, it is conceded that the Greeks fought bravely, and that the Turks won through superior force and generalship—not because they were any braver than the foes whom they conquered, as a fact, with an ease that seemed almost ridiculous. Battles, therefore, are not lost or won because of any wealth or lack of courage; all men do not fight equally well, as we need hardly say, but in these days, which pessimists call *fin-de-siecle*, with some sort of idea that the phrase indicates a weariness and weakening of purpose, it is refreshing to reflect that men are as ready as ever to put their lives into risk at the call of duty.” History is but the condensed biography of thousands; and thus, as I have said, the zeal of the manifolded one becomes the spirit of the time. Indeed, at this very day, Capt. S. S. Long (English) on American soldiers in Luzon says: “In spite of defective administrative staff and departments, insufficient equipment, and officers who possessed little if any more military training than the privates, the volunteer troops displayed a spirit of intelligence and obedience, combined with an individual willingness to perform their duty, that might be rivalled, but could not be surpassed by the finest disciplined troops. They might be described as a great military paradox—a body of men of magnificent physique, possessing a perfect discipline, and yet without any discipline at all.”

Looking backward as well as forward, I know the fringe of crime in New England, but I also remember the rum groceries, which flourished even in my boyhood, the distilleries, the lotteries and the illegitimacy. Our day has

seen improved sanitation and longevity—for proof of which one has but to look at the older tombstones in our graveyards. I believe in the future, and I believe in the present. He who is a pessimist is incorrect in his impressions. A little bit from “Life,” a sentence of terse philosophy, will apply here: “The present is the future from which we hoped so much.” In that present, civic virtue is the application of the honesty of the one to the service of the many, not necessarily for or in war, but right here, in our smallest towns even.

That you may hear how the opposite side sounds, I will read a brutally frank statement written by a former United States Senator. None of us, however, believe it.

“The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and to expel the party in power is the purpose. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme.” He means to say that it makes him tired. “It proceeds from the tea-custard and syllabub dilettantism, the frivolous desultory sentimentalism of epicenes.”

I venture upon no political discussion. I care not who you may be, Republican or Democrat, but never forget that the State is but you, and you, and you, and I. There is no other sum total of wisdom, or strength, or money. Purification can be done, has been done, is done, will be done, if we in municipal politics, in the caucus, at the polls, in civil service, in foreign service, do just one man’s duty, and do the whole of it all the time. No more sensible statement has been made of late years than that of one of our honored ex-Presidents, “It is the duty of the citizen to support the





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government, not that of the government to support the citizen." This is the American citizen's version of the French king's "The State, it is I."

You will recollect the Greek fable of the giant who got strength from the soil. So we, not giants but children still, gain strength from the soil we love. Our foot is on our native heath, and our name is McGregor. We hail you as loyal sons and daughters, for we are you and you are we, and we thank you for your welcome and your hospitality. We leave you with a tender au revoir, auf wiedersehen, till we meet again.

"O blessed hills! your rugged ways
 Grow fair with Heaven's sunset lights,
 Ye throng with saints of other days
 Borne on to glory from your heights,
 While soft the twilight breezes swell
 O'er the dear hills of Hallowell."

POEM OF WELCOME.

MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

"Long enough have I pined for my children.
 Who have wandered this earth up and down.
 I will bid them come back to the home nest,"
 Said the quiet old Hallowell town.

"I must know how they fare on life's journey,
 For the storms have been many and wild.
 Oh! the mother-heart aches for the tidings
 Of her absent and well-beloved child.

"Who just now will send out the glad message
 Over mountain and prairie and sea?
 And, oh, who in the summer time beauty,
 Will return all my children to me?"
 Ah! not all will come back at the bidding,
 For beneath the green branches, they say,
 With the bird songs above and around them.
 Rest some brave hearts and true hearts today.

“I have patiently watched for the coming
 Of the long straying ones from the home
 Till the waiting brings wearisome vigils,
 And I sigh for the children that roam.
 It may be that the world, like a charmer,
 Has entangled them all in her snares.
 Is there never a voice that will summon
 Ev’ry one who for mother love cares?”

Then the river, that sparkled so brightly
 In the years long agone as today,
 Said, “Come back to my shores, oh ye pilgrims,
 For a little be blithesome and gay.
 I will sing you the songs of your childhood,
 When the future seemed boundless and grand.
 You will tell me youth’s dreaming is ended,
 As confronting life’s duties you stand.”

As an echo repeats some sweet story,
 The “Cascade,” in its frolicsome glee,
 Rippled over the rocks the old summons,
 “I am waiting, come quickly to me!”
 And the hills said, “Return to our shelter,
 For as changeless and sure is our love
 As the granite we hold in our bosoms,
 And the sun that shines down from above.”

Then from steeple to steeple the church bells
 Talked together one day and they said:
 “Let us call the old friends, and it may be
 That their footsteps will hither be led.
 We have rung for their ears all the changes
 Of the joys and the sorrows of life.”
 “Come away! come away! will they hear us?
 Come and rest from earth’s struggle and strife!”

Then there rose a strange mingling of voices,
 “O come back, we have missed you so long,
 And not once are you ever forgotten,
 ‘Mid the little ones’ laughter and song.”
 ‘Twas the calling of many a school room,
 Long deserted by some who have found
 That their lives, like the schooldays of childhood,
 Often seem a most wearisome round.

Now the people said, “Come, and delay not,
 For we anxiously watch your return,

And in token of fellowship lasting
 Do our altar-fires cheerily burn.
 Sweetest roses in summer time blooming,
 Fairest lilies of delicate hue,
 In their fragrance breathe out the glad welcome
 That our hearthstone has waiting for you."

Thus it was that the mother sent bidding
 To the ones she had cherished of old,
 And the wings of the wind swiftly bore it
 Till the story of longing was told—
 Thus it was that the arms that had cradled
 Many children in tenderest care,
 All expectant reached out to enfold them
 With the joy that none other can share.

And what answer came back through the distance,
 Like the chiming of clear-sounding bells?
 Many voices, as one, raise a chorus
 That a volume of tenderness tells:
 "We are coming, for dear are the home ties
 To the Sons and the Daughters who roam,
 And most sweet are the mem'ries that linger
 Of our happy old Hallowell home."

You are come, and right royal the welcome
 That we give you while truly we pray
 On your hearts may fall sweet benediction
 In the joys of this midsummer day.
 Pleasant milestone we pass on life's journey,
 All illumined with earth's truest love,
 While we look for the meeting and greeting
 In the blessed reunion above.

THE VAUGHAN RECEPTION.

The greater part of the large audience present passed directly from the Dedication Exercises to the Vaughan Homestead, where was celebrated one of the pleasantest features of the Reunion. Messrs. Benjamin and W. W. Vaughan threw open their spacious grounds and royally entertained the large and happy company. Mrs. Benj. Vaughan and Mrs. W. W. Vaughan were most gracious in the welcome and entertainment extended. Indeed, the Reunion, as a whole, was largely indebted to the family for generous co-operation in this and other ways.

HALLOWELL REUNION.

The exercises of the afternoon were most enjoyable, but those of the evening gave better opportunity for exchange of greetings and reminiscence, with renewal of acquaintances and friendships.

Fully seven hundred people thronged into the new hall before 8.30. Certainly the happy suggestion of Mr. Alvin Fowles, of Auburn, and Mrs. Dr. C. T. Fisk, of Lewiston, received most generous returns.

The Reception Committee included Mayor Safford and wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Vaughan, Miss Annie F. Page, and Miss Elizabeth G. Otis. For a half hour and more, introductions were in order.

At 9 o'clock, W. F. Marston, as Master of the Literary Exercises, in behalf of the committees of the Reunion and citizens warmly welcomed the visitors to Hallowell.

The program of exercises was as follows:—

REUNION EXERCISES.

OVERTURE—"Light Cavalry." *Suppe*

DENNIS' ORCHESTRA

Address of Welcome, W. F. MARSTON

"Hallowell as It is To-day," THOMAS LEIGH

SELECTION—"Cotton Blossoms." *Hall* DENNIS' ORCHESTRA

"Hallowell and Its Possibilities," W. W. VAUGHAN

"Our Schooldays," PROF. A. M. THOMAS

"Literary Hallowell," REV. DR. BUTLER

SELECTION—"American Fantasie." *Bendix* DENNIS' ORCHESTRA

"Hallowell in the War," GEN. GEORGE H. NYE

"Reminiscences," MAJ. E. ROWELL

"What Should Our Birthplace Mean to Us?" REV. D. E. MILLER

FINALE—"Tally Ho." *Bernstien* DENNIS' ORCHESTRA

We append the responses to the toasts presented.

HALLOWELL AS IT IS TODAY.

THOMAS LEIGH.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is to me indeed, exceedingly gratifying on this most happy occasion, to be allowed the pleasing task of replying to the Toast, "Hallowell, as She is Today." Hallowell has had a glorious history; its past is full of achievements; its sons and daughters, here, everywhere, have by their worth, by their attainments, by their devotion to duty and right, brought credit and fame to our dear old city. On the occasion of this reunion, of the dedication of this beautiful city building, the gift of a noble and generous woman, sons and daughters of Hallowell, from near and afar, in spirit, if not in fact, place upon the brow of the city of their birth the laurel wreath of love and devotion, first for what she has been to them, then for what she is and ever will be in the unfolding of the years.

But I am asked to say something of Hallowell as she is today. For one, I never was prouder than I am today of the place of my birth. Mark the progressive spirit of her citizenship, the temper and kindly hospitality of her people, the industry and integrity of her business men, the push, the ability, the enterprise of her young men, all working together for the common good, the prosperity of the whole community. Such are the qualities that go to make up the citizens of Hallowell. No wonder, then, that we today rejoice and are made glad, not only for what Hallowell has been and what her sons and daughters have achieved, but what Hallowell is today, what her children are winning and reaping *now*, to their own credit and to the honor of the city of their birth and adoption.

This reunion, which we have today so much enjoyed, gives those returning, after years of absence, to their native city, as well as those still resident, an opportunity to recall the past, renew old associations, make new friends, and above all else to keep alive the love for their old home, made sacred by memories of days long since gone. But, ladies and gentlemen, friends and citizens, how does Hallowell look to you today? You who have returned to participate in these exercises, do you note any changes in the

good old city? Yes, you must; our city has been moving on and changing with the progress of events. This magnificent city building, modern, convenient, fully equipped, sitting here at the junction of these streets, is an ornament to the city, a tribute to a worthy and public spirited woman.

I should be certainly unmindful of the happy privilege I now enjoy should I pass by unnoticed the modern hotel across the way, in which every citizen takes pride and satisfaction. I doubt if it has a superior in the State, and so well is it managed that today it is doing a splendid business.

Our city has the satisfaction of knowing that it today owns and operates its own water system: through the foresight and energy of its own citizens this has been of late accomplished. This is indicative of Hallowell tendency, progressive, forward and up to date, guarding safely its own interests and the welfare of its inhabitants. Our city can today boast of a beautiful public library, the gift originally to the city of a distinguished and loyal son, who has never, in all that fortune and merit have brought to him, forgotten the place of his birth. We honor him today as he has honored himself in his life and attainments. Again we pay homage to Mrs. Lowell's marvelous liberality, which resulted in the enlarged library building, and to her again, for in her last will and testament she has permanently endowed it. This splendid edifice of the Hallowell of today stands as a monument of those who have loved our city in the past and whose deeds of generosity and love will ever live in the memories of those who follow after.

We have in our city to-day both a Humane Society and an Improvement Society. This last has created so profound a public sentiment in favor of order that the guileless stranger may not even cast down a banana peel without reproof. Hallowell has always been a literary centre, but to-day all our literary advantages are free. The poorest child can have every advantage, in our fine system of public schools, that family and wealth can make possible to her children. They tell us of a bridge across the beautiful river in olden days of Hallowell's prominence as a centre of trade for the whole surrounding country. To-day we have our finely equipped street railway, which not only brings us trade but makes our city very desirable for residence. Through the flourishing industries of to-day, our granite, shoe, oil-cloth and sand-paper manufactories,

we have trade with all parts of our own country and carry our exports far across the seas.

Passing years have not taken away the beauties of Hallowell's wooded hills and sparkling river, but the cultured hand of man has greatly enhanced and developed the wonderful work of nature which drew our forefathers here.

Hallowell citizens include today not only its immediate residents but the sons and daughters gone before, who still dwell here in their hearts and send back from the garnered stores rich gifts. We behold these gifts today, standing in monuments of enduring stone structures in different parts of our city.

This loyalty to one's native city makes Hallowell what she is today. We love the dear old city, and may the richest blessings of Providence follow her in the future, bringing prosperity to her business interests, and peace, health and happiness to all her citizens. This is the earnest prayer of a Hallowell boy, speaking of the Hallowell of today.

“Hallowell and Its Possibilities.”

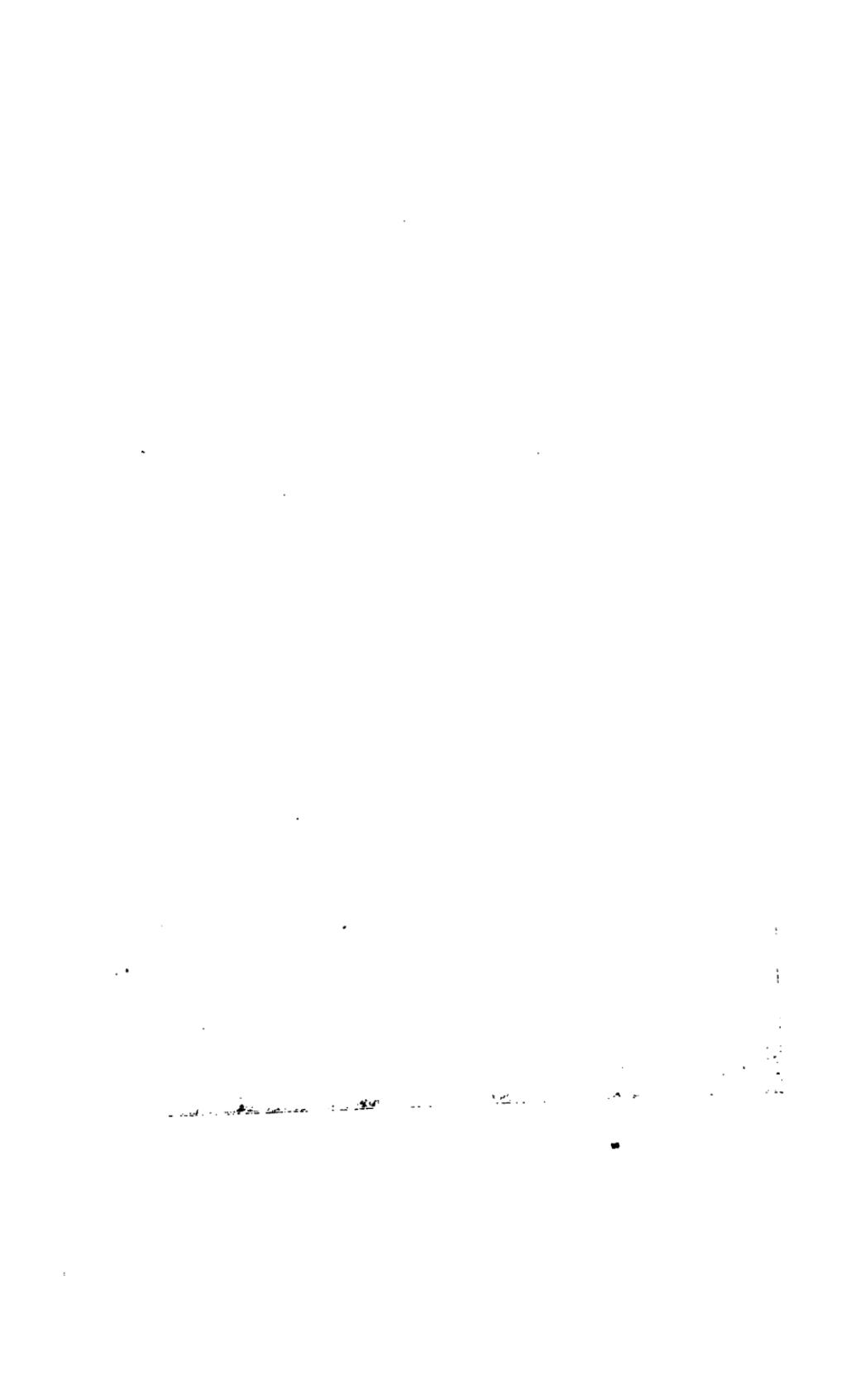
W. W. VAUGHAN.

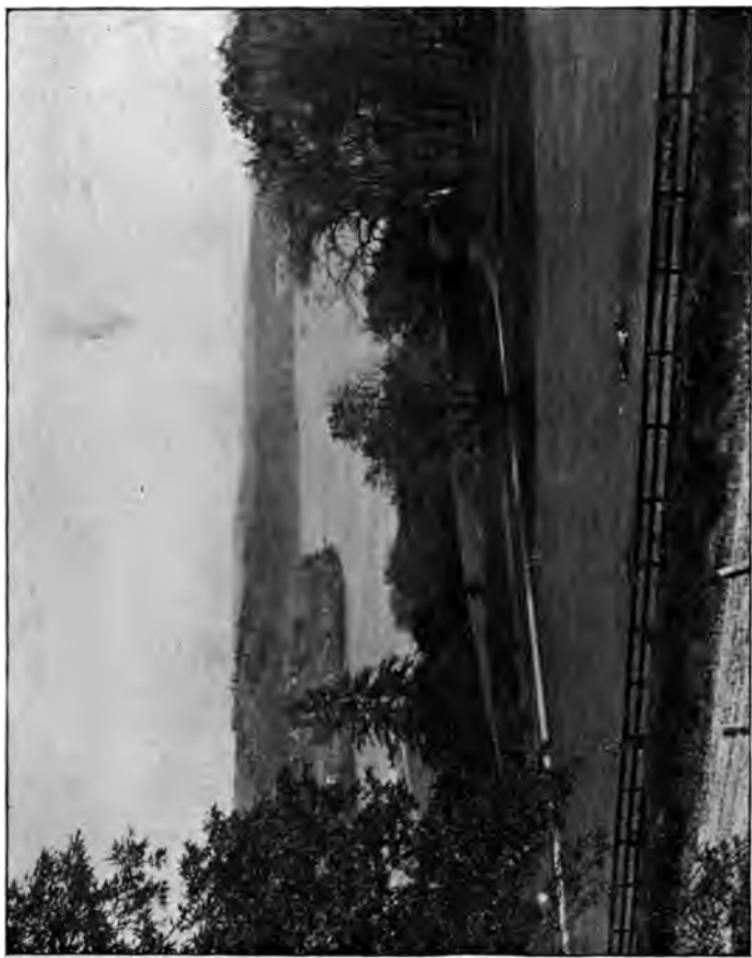
Mr. President, Fellow Townsmen and Visitors to Hallowell:

I have been asked to respond to the toast to the “Future Possibilities of Hallowell.” Since receiving Miss Stinson’s mandate assigning me to that honorable duty I have had three successive and distinct minds on the subject.

The first was one of self congratulation and rejoicing at the easy and pleasant nature of my duty—what greater pleasure than to prophesy good things for a place you have loved all your life? I had dreamed many dreams of the possibilities that might come to the old town and I had only to share them with you. What easier than to let one's wishes and one's fancy run away with a sufficient fraction of the English language—the thing was done! I had but to share with you the plans for the great manufacturing interest which was to be induced to come and occupy the great empty factory, and give employment to all who would, in the very heart of the town. I could frame into words my long time dream of the foundation here (on the

old Merrick farm) of a real and sound college of agriculture that should gather in the town young men from all over New England who should come to learn all that practical farmers and modern chemistry and science combined could teach them about that art of winning from our fertile lands the things which we know so imperfectly to-day how to get from it. The land is willing; it is only the knowledge which is weak. And I was picturing all the good things that such possibilities might bring to the town; the labor for those who wished to work, the tenants for those who wished to let and the purchasers for our many fine old houses, where any wished to sell—I was picturing all the good things that might come to us when I fell into my second state of mind. I discovered that a prophet with that annoying article, a conscience, has an extremely poor outfit for that particular trade and would best go out of business at once. I recalled the old stories of Hallowell as the chief business mart of the valley to which all men brought their produce to sell and stayed to buy in return, till Water street was packed, and then I looked at the treble line of rail below my window and I knew that the railroad and railway had taken away any hope of that kind of prosperity ever returning in the same form. I recalled how as a boy I had spent hours at the cotton factory watching the coal from Pennsylvania being landed and wheeled into the boiler room to turn the myriad wheels that were to weave the cotton from Georgia into cloth for the growing West; and I knew that the time when you could bring cotton from the South directly by the coal fields of the Middle States and all the way down into Maine, and then bring the coal down there to meet it here, were gone never to return. The coal and cotton must combine nearer to their sources now-a-days in order to meet the narrow "margin" of modern manufacturing. The industries that we now have, the granite, the shoes, the sand-paper, the oil cloth let us devoutly hope may stay with us indefinitely. But I perceived that any dreams of great additional manufacturing in a town that had no great water power and lay between two that had were of too fragile and doubtful texture to stand much handling before you. And then I fell into my third state of mind and perceived that if my dreams were too sanguine, so too my fears were too serious, and that, as usual, the truth lay somewhere between the two. I had been looking at Hallo-





VAUGHAN HOMESTEAD GROUNDS AND KENNEBEC.

well as a single unit. It was rather to be looked at as part of a great State. As the State grew and prospered, this town as well as other towns must grow and prosper as well. In the old days it had held with Wiscasset, a prosperity not at all shared by the rest of the State. Hallowell was a centre of trade and cultivation, but there were only a handful of such towns in this whole region and the rest was barely settled. The north of the State was an untrdden wilderness, the south a thousand miles of desolate and rocky coast. All the prosperity that was came from wringing hard earned crops out of a cold climate and bartering any surplus for goods from the outside. The people had in effect only what they could raise. To-day what a contrast. Instead of struggling with nature for a living, the State is making nature help her earn a living; and a good living too. Her cold climate instead of a burden has become her most valuable asset, and one too, that cannot be taken away from her. In place of fighting with her short and cool summer for a scanty crop, she is saying to all the tired and heated dwellers of the Middle States and Middle West "come and share my northern climate and be really cool. You may as well come as far as this if you once get started; it is really no more trouble than to stop midway at some half cool place; and farther than this you can't—or won't—go, for it is the eastern end of our country." And the people of the warmer lands are accepting the invitation in ever increasing numbers. Our thousand miles of desolate and rocky coast are just as rocky as ever, but they are no longer desolate. I have sailed along nearly every mile of them and I cannot recall a single mile where some enterprising seeker for health and rest had not discovered the spot before me and yet left ample room for thousands more like him who are sure to follow. "The Northern Wilderness" has lost its pine, it is true, and has left only spruce enough to last the mills bare twenty years, at most, the experts tell us; but it has become almost a veritable hunting ground, and if it be only kept for sport, and not for "sports" it will earn more for the State in the end, when filled with hotels and camps and clubs and preserves, as is the Adirondacks to-day, than ever these same lakes and forests earned in their piniest days. And all these well-to-do crowds bring an ever increasing flood of ready money into our old State. Much of it comes and goes in the give and take of daily living expenses; much

stays here permanently in the form of houses and grounds and other fixed and taxpaying improvements. This is not a fancy picture. It is cold fact, and the growth is not transient. Maine has now one of the fairest futures of any state in the Union. It is growing to be, and will continue to be, the recreation ground and the health resort of a country running from Boston to Chicago, just as Switzerland is the play-ground of Europe; and this industry cannot be taken away from us because it depends on our climate, our lakes and shores and islands and these cannot change. In all this prosperity Hallowell, like other towns, whether on the seashore or inland, must ultimately share. The "State" is only so much country and so many towns: what the whole has the parts may have also for they make up the whole. Moreover money made in wild spots comes to rest sooner or later to settled spots. Fine residential towns are sure, sooner or later if the State be prosperous, to be resided in; and what more charming residential town exists in the State than this old town of ours? It is the very Salem of Maine, set in a river valley on sloping hills, with all the shady streets, the fine old houses and the good old traditions of old Salem itself. Sooner or later, never fear, it will be appreciated; not only by those who love it now, but by many others as well; and there, then at last, our beloved town will regain its old time prosperity only in another form, and also have added to it also perhaps some of our dreams—who knows?

"Our Schooldays."

PROF. A. M. THOMAS.

It would be pleasant indeed if all the boys and girls who went to school in Hallowell in the old days were here to-night. Those were happy days, though sometimes the sessions were far too long. Hallowell has long been known as a nurse of education and her schools have always been of the best.

In the old Classical Academy we had splendid opportunities. Some of us made bad use of our chances. But whether or no, we have the consolation that was offered me in Houlton lately. I had a silver grip tag and wished to have it engraved with my initials. The jeweller was

more or less under the influence of liquor and succeeded in spoiling the inscription. I was inclined to be angry. A boon companion of the artisan, partly to defend the jeweller and partly to cheer me, said "See here stranger, don't you see, that can't be duplicated." Our schooldays have gone, never to be recalled. They cannot be duplicated.

The first school I attended was on Temple street, near the Old South church, and now serves as a tenement. My most vivid memory of this school is the initiation I received, a slide on the ice with all the boys on top of me.

My school days were uneventful. To me it seems that not all I gained came from lessons. The knocks and rubs on the play grounds were also valuable. I can see some of the older boys here who thrashed me, and I can remember several whom I served in the same way. I have no hard feelings against the former, and I have no regrets to state, nor apologies to make to the latter.

Our class was the second to graduate from the Hallowell Classical school. As I remember it the instruction given was of the best and the discipline rigid. Such a thing as the discontinuance of the school should never have been permitted to become a part of history. It is a blot upon Hallowell's fame.

I offer as a toast "Our school days: In view of their brevity, their misspent time and the opportunities we lost, like one sect of the Jews—Sad-du-cee; in view of the progress made, the knowledge gained and the good lessons learned, like that other sect of the Jews—Phar-i-see."

"Literary Hallowell."

President Butler found it impossible to attend the Reunion as he had purposed, but kindly sent the following letter which was read by the Master of Ceremonies.

My Dear Miss Page:

I am deeply disappointed that I cannot be present at the Hallowell Reunion, in response to the courteous invitation to Mrs. Butler and myself. "Literary Hallowell," the topic assigned to me, is one upon which much of interest is to be said. By common repute, by documents in your

library and in the Lithgow Library, and by many things told me by my sister, Ellen Butler, I have come to know that Hallowell has been and is a centre whence there has radiated an abundant and most beneficent literary influence. I am personally interested in the maintenance of this proposition; for my maternal grandfather taught in the old Academy, and my father's father and my father himself preached in one of your pulpits.

Who is not familiar with the old conundrum "Why is Hallowell like a book?" with its answer "Because it has so many Pages"? For the period of this reunion at least Waterville will yield to Hallowell her claim to Mattie Baker Dunn, and Augusta must do the like in regard to Emma Huntington Nason. The name of Gen. Hubbard will always be instantly recalled when one thinks of "Literary Hallowell," and in order of climax the name of Professor Richardson may well stand at "The End of the Beginning" of this list.

If one turns to the past one encounters close at hand Mr. Burr and his work at the Classical Institute. More remotely, one comes upon the products of your publishing houses in former times. Three-quarters of a century ago Hallowell stood second in the State only to Portland as a publishing centre, and one has only to examine the shelves in your own library and the historical room in the Lithgow Library to learn that for a century Hallowell has had good training to the grateful appreciation of this part of New England for her encouragement and distribution of literature.

While Hallowell has good ground for receiving congratulations as a literary community at the present time, there should be no feeling that her pre-eminence in the past is a thing belonging to the past only. It is in the nature of things that the literary centres at the present time should be the few great cities. For Hallowell to have such a record and to have been prominent as a literary centre in the days when such a thing was possible, is her everlasting honor. Her past history is a part of her present glory.

Cordially yours,

NATHANIEL BUTLER.

"Hallowell in the War."

GEN. GEO. H. NYE.

This has been a precious day to me, spent in my old home, among familiar places and with old schoolmates; fifty-four years ago I went to work in the old cotton mill that has been idle so long.

I am to represent Hallowell in the war. No Maine regiment went to the front without a Hallowell boy in its ranks; but the third, sixth and ninth contained the larger numbers. It was thirty-eight years ago that the 3rd Maine Regiment left Washington for Bull Run, where it received its first baptism of fire. It served faithfully through the war and was in many bloody battles. The greatest test of its service lies in yonder graveyard. Last Memorial Day the John B. Hubbard Post decorated one hundred graves of veterans.

I have looked the cemetery over and have been unable to find the grave of my grandfather, who fifty-five years ago told me stories of the battles of the Revolution. Why are not the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers marked and decorated?

Sixty-five years ago Judge Baker was a prominent man in Hallowell, and interested in the schools. He seemed to me an old man even then. One day he brought into the school an aged man, a Mr. Sanford, who addressed us briefly. He said: "The Spartans were brave; at their games they had three speeches, one by a retired soldier, one by a veteran still in the service, the third by a youth still too young to enter the army. The first would say, 'I have served my country in my youth, now I am old and cannot.' The second said, 'We will conquer or die.' And the third, with the hope and buoyancy of youth, said, 'What we can do, no one can tell, but we will excel.'" What was true then is true now.

The boys of to-day are in better condition to fight than we of a generation ago. The flag and its meaning were little known then. I remember that after the grand review of the army in Washington in 1865, my brigade went to Charleston, where we were in charge of affairs while people were adjusting themselves to the new conditions. There was no flag-pole, but when it came and the day of the flag-raising had arrived, just as the flag was unfurled,

one old negro was seen to fall on his knees and with hands clasped to mutter to himself a prayer of thankfulness. He knew what the flag meant—for he was free. If we had made peace after the battle of Bull Run, it would have been a temporary arrangement, for it would have left the problems unsettled, whose attempted solution had brought on the war.

It is a pity that your cotton mill is idle. I know of scores of mills, making the same class of goods as were made here, that are now running night and day. Now is the time to begin again the manufacture of cotton goods. But my time is gone. I must forbear from more words.

“Reminiscences of Hallowell.”

E. ROWELL.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:

I do not feel responsible for the fact that I was not born in Hallowell. My parents providentially lived in the good old town of Livermore. But for the past sixty years I have been a resident of Hallowell, and as my wife and children were born here, it may not be presumptuous for me to claim to be a native of Hallowell by brevet.

Reminiscences of the past might be multiplied indefinitely, but I can only refer briefly to a few of the more prominent men of sixty years ago, and among them Parson Gillett, dispensing the rugged gospel of the time in black silk gloves. That silver haired gentleman of the old school, T. B. Merrick, whose noble bearing greatly impressed my youthful fancy. Captain Manning with measured tread, removing loose pebbles from the streets with his formidable cane. Johnny Stringer with his basket of clothes pins on his arm and candy in his pocket for expectant children. The elder Vaughans, Clarks, Pages, Flaggs, Grants, Watts, Bonds and numerous others who for lack of time I will not mention.

The business interests of Hallowell were well cared for and Hallowell was the central market of the county and state, as well as of local trade. This was the head of navigation, and passengers and freight were transported to and from Boston by schooners commanded by Captains Blish, Brown, Watts and others. This was before the

advent of steamboats and railroads. I well remember when a boy, of reading the advertisement in the old "Advocate" announcing the sailing of the "schooner Banner" Captain Blish, for Boston. The trip would sometimes be lengthened into weeks by storms and head winds.

All this has changed. A daily and almost hourly communication may be had with all parts of our own and other states. But I must forbear. And as speech is silvern and silence golden, I must carry out my allegiance to the "gold standard" and not inflict a speech upon you.

"What Should Our Birth-Place Mean to Us?"

REV. D. E. MILLER.

Brevity is the soul of wit. The occasion is a grand one, but the lateness of the hour demands a brief address from me. When we dedicate our next City Hall, if I am in town, you can come and hear me deliver a speech.

Our birth-place means love of home and native city, an instinct found in all peoples. It means a start in life, important, for it shapes our future life and character.

No one can look back to the place of his birth without a tender thought and prayer for the future prosperity of the old home. Let this day then beget a noble purpose to make the "Hallowell of to-day" surpass the greatness of her olden days: to see to it that her present possibilities are fully realized; to keep her school and literary life up to a high standard; to continue her martial spirit, fighting for "civic virtue." Then shall they who meet to dedicate the next new City Hall have pleasant reminiscences of this day and generation.

The addresses of Major Rowell and Rev. Mr. Miller were given under the disadvantage of lateness of the hour and some unavoidable confusion, and were therefore considerably abbreviated; Mr. Miller very kindly accepted the place of another speaker, with very brief time for preparation. Both gentlemen added liberally to the interest in the exercises.

At the close of the literary exercises, refreshments were served; ice cream, strawberries, cake, coffee and iced lem-

onade. The ladies had provided an abundant array, and all were generously served.

The success of the Reunion was due to the untiring work of the ladies of the Improvement Society, supplemented by the generous assistance of visitors. The beautiful flag, which floated over the hall, was the gift of Lieut. H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., and generous subscriptions received from others made the Reunion more than successful financially.

Numerous good wishes for the coming year were exchanged as the hour for "breaking ranks" arrived—and many were the expressions of hope that another reunion should occur in Hallowell.

The younger people were enjoying a short order of dances as the reunion proper ended. Surely the Reunion was a success.

REUNION LETTERS.

By courtesy of the Correspondence Committee, we present a portion of the very interesting letters received in the course of preparation for the Reunion.

From a Boy of 1822.

Boston, July 11, 1899.

“As a boy of 1822” it’s not convenient to be with you on your “Home Coming Day” so I send congratulations to the home comers. May your celebration be as bright as the morning sun as it comes over the eastern hills of Chelsea—once Hallowell; its course run as smoothly as our beloved Kennebec in the sunshine of summer-time; its music, as sweet and melodious as the music of the “Cascade” in the old Vaughan brook used to be in boyhood days; its program, as rich as the aromatic perfume of “Merrick Pines” used to be before the woodman’s axe did not spare those trees; its hospitality, as broad and generous as the Vaughan acres of the olden time; and its memories, as enduring as “the Gardiner ledges out over the hills.” May the eloquence of its occasion awaken the Dumonts, the Spragues, the Otises, to listen to the words that shall stir men’s and women’s hearts; and the closing hour of the day leave as resplendent associations as the glories of the setting sun over “Powder House Hill;” and the same old stars set their night watch over the sleepers “on the plains” and the happy hearts that have been made glad with the old folks, and the young folks, at home.

Yours very truly,

GORHAM D. GILMAN.

From a Generous Friend of Hallowell.

New York, July 7, 1899.

Your very kind letter has remained so long unanswered only because I hoped to give the answer you asked. It is today, for the first time, that I feel constrained to say that

I cannot be in Hallowell on the 12th. This decision, which I have tried to avoid, is quite unwelcome to myself, and I assure you it was only reached with very good reasons.

My sincere good wishes are with all the citizens of Hallowell, of the present time and of the old time. I trust their meeting will be a happy occasion for themselves and for the city.

With kind regards,

THOMAS H. HUBBARD.

From a Distinguished Soldier.

Burlington, Vt., June 12, 1899.

What a beautiful greeting you young ladies sent me. It would delight me to be present at your reunion, but I think my time is already under mortgage for that date. I remember everybody in Hallowell, who lived in ancient times and associated with me; better, I think, than some of them remember the small boy who went to Mr. Burnham's school and Sunday School.

I am glad that you are to have a beautiful City Hall, and that Hallowell is renewing her youth. Sometime I hope to see you all again.

O. O. HOWARD.

From a Veteran Resident of Washington.

Washington, D. C., July 8, 1899.

I have received a paper of date May 18, 1899, with the caption, "To the sons and daughters of Hallowell, greeting," relative to "the dedication of the new and beautiful City Hall." I am proud that I am a native of Hallowell, and although nearly half a century has passed since I dwelt there, fond memory often brings before me the scenes and events, the inhabitants and incidents of the old town of my boyhood days.

The old City Hall I well remember, as I attended the grammar school there for some years. Since I left Hallowell I have been considerable of a wanderer, having traveled over the greater part of my own country, Canada and the

Bermudas, and besides have made eleven voyages to Europe, and have traversed all parts of it.

As a son of old Hallowell, I return heartily my greeting to those dear hearts at home that will assemble at the dedication. During the passing hours of that memorable day, my heart will be filled with loving, kindly thoughts for the old town and the dwellers therein. Many of the natives of Hallowell are scattered the wide world over, but of me it can be said truly that I cherish a warm and loving memory of the old town of my birth, and for its institutions and people I have none but the heartiest good wishes.

Very truly yours,

E. T. GETCHELL.

From a Lady Deeply Interested in Hallowell.

Malden, Mass., June 9, 1899.

It gave me much pleasure to receive your very kind letter of May 10th with its cordial invitation to attend the reunion of past and present residents of dear old Hallowell on July 12th.

I should very much enjoy meeting the dear friends who still remain, and it will be an especial pleasure to listen to an address from Gen. Thomas Hubbard, and also Prof. Charles Richardson, both quite young in 1851 when I left there—their parents being very dear and intimate friends of mine.

I do indeed feel interested in the improvements of the dear old town, and congratulate you that a Library and "Town Hall" have been built after the modern style, and the venerable Hallowell House "rejuvenated" to entertain its guests with the old time hospitality and popularity, as it was for many years considered the finest hotel in the State. These improvements will make the City more attractive and "like the home we left behind us" before the railroad invaded the quiet of its beautiful streets.

Sincerely yours,

SARAH E. TALBOT.

Regrets from an Absent One.

Providence, R. I., June 12th.

It is with sincere regret that neither my brothers, sisters nor myself can accept your kind invitation to visit dear old Hallowell and unite with her sons and daughters in the celebration they purpose giving her on July twelfth. I trust, however, so many will be present at this "Home Coming" that the absent ones will not be missed, and that the "lark" will be a perfect success and most pleasurable event. With your beautiful Public Library and the new City Hall, you are to dedicate on this auspicious occasion, old Hallowell seems to be "putting on airs." With her natural advantages she might be one of the most charming places on the beautiful Kennebec.

Many thanks for your kindly mention of our little meeting last year. Sister Augusta and I often refer to it with pleasure.

With my best regards, in which Augusta joins, and which we both would extend to Miss Gilman, I am

Very cordially yours,

AMELIA B. McAUSLAN.

From an Ardent Westerner.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 19.

In looking over the names of the committee I find yours, and as the names of Page and Gilman are names of hallowed memory, I take pleasure in writing you that Mrs. Owen and myself expect to be at the reunion at the time designated by the committee, and we are looking forward to the happy event with large expectations.

To meet old friends after a lapse of years, and to exchange views to see if we have realized our ideals in life to their fullest extent, will form a part of our meeting.

I believe it will be productive of much good, and it may be the last meeting of many of us until we all meet in the eternal city.

Yours very truly,

J. H. OWEN.



HALLOWELL FROM POWDER HOUSE HILL.

From a Lover of His Childhood's Home.

Seal Harbor, June 15.

I wish to thank you very much for the invitation to the Reunion in dear old Hallowell this summer, for I have a very tender feeling for my native place, with its memories of my father and mother and of so many old friends now passed on. Nothing can ever occupy the same place as one's childhood's home. I wish most sincerely that I could be with you, and indeed it is a serious disappointment to me that I cannot; but I am afraid it is out of the question for I find travelling pretty trying, especially in hot weather. I shall be very much interested in hearing a full account of the occasion, and I very much hope my brother will be able to be present. I know he is very earnest to be present, and will if it is a possible thing. It is very gratifying to believe there will be some old friends who will take pleasure in seeing the likeness of my father which will be in your Library before that time. With best wishes for the success of your efforts, and kind remembrances to any who may have known me as a Hallowell boy, I am

Very sincerely yours,
A. A. VAUGHAN.

From an Old Resident of Hallowell.

Brooklyn, June 30th.

I thank you most heartily for your kind invitation to attend the Reunion on July 12th. I deeply regret that owing to my summer arrangements I shall be obliged to decline.

Old residents of Hallowell look back with pride and affection to their former home, and hear with pleasure of any evidence of her increasing prosperity.

Very cordially yours,
LYDIA C. TUPPER.

From One Whose Heart is in Hallowell.

Bangor, Me., July 12.

My heart is in Hallowell to-day, you may be sure, and I wish I could listen to the exercises of the afternoon and evening, but this is impossible.

My last summer's visit ended so seriously—in fact my year's illness dates from that time—that I feel convinced that home is the best place for me now; but oh dear—the thought of a Reunion in Hallowell and myself not "in it" is bitter and makes me both lonely and homesick!

I am hoping to see a full account of the day's doings in my next *Register* and must try to be contented with that.

ELLEN H. BUTLER.

From a Son of Good Old Hallowell.

Portland, Me., May 27.

I am in receipt of the kind invitation of your committee to be present at the Reunion of former Hallowell residents, and assure you that it will give me great pleasure to be present. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for good old Hallowell.

With best wishes for its prosperity and for the success of the Reunion I am

Very truly yours,

GEO. S. ROWELL.

REGISTER OF VISITORS.

James W. Bradbury, Augusta.
A. W. Fowles, Lewiston.
Mrs. Mary C. Avery, Exeter, N. H.
Lizzie A. Small, Farmingdale.
G. T. Stevens and wife, Augusta.
Laura B. Wright, Durham.
Gorham C. Wilson, Portland.
Mrs. Virginia H. Curtis, New Haven, Conn.
Miss Cordelia M. Chadwick, New Haven, Conn.
J. B. P. Day, Castana, Iowa.
Elsie Venner Day, Castana, Iowa.
Mrs. Harriet Jones, Castana, Iowa.
Fred'k A. Gardiner, Newton Centre, Mass.
Mrs. Fred'k A. Gardiner, Newton Centre, Mass.
Mrs. A. H. Phaneuf and daughter, Lewiston.
Mrs. Chas. Trafton, Waterville.
Rena M. Merrill, West Gardiner.
Lottie M. Wood, West Gardiner.
Eusena A. Douglass, Hallowell.
Wm. S. Grant, Farmingdale.
Nora G. Rice, Farmingdale.
Mrs. Lizzie P. Noyes, Lynn, Mass.
Fannie M. Noyes, Lynn, Mass.
Annie M. Lakeman, Gloucester, Mass.
Mrs. Reuben Brooks, Gloucester, Mass.
Mrs. J. C. Flagg, Richmond.
Mrs. Richard Flanagan, Portland.
Mrs. Harriet E. Fuller, Gardiner.
Marie Ransom, N. Y. City.
Alice Fuller Gray, Gardiner.
Nelson H. Johnson, Malden, Mass.
Frank E. Curtis, Poland Springs.
Wm. H. Stantial, Richmond.
Delinda A. Willis, Fall River, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Pillsbury, Augusta.
Mrs. Philbrook, Decatur, Ill.
Geo. R. Smith, Bangor.
E. H. Fellows, Boston.
Geo. W. Hubbard, Worcester, Mass.
Lizzie F. Hubbard, Worcester, Mass.

Francis W. Vaughan, Cambridge, Mass.
Caroline Vaughan Gardiner, Cambridge, Mass.
Emma J. Ferguson, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Mina Hill Frost, Chelsea, Mass.
Dr. C. T. Fisk, Lewiston.
Mrs. Ella O. Hersey Fisk, Lewiston.
J. B. Dresser, Woodfords.
Mrs. Fannie Hersey Dresser, Woodfords.
Mrs. H. L. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chas. F. Richardson, Hanover, N. H.
Caroline Agry Edmunds, Newton, Mass.
Adelaide N. Moulton, Portland.
Alex Doyle, New York City.
Fannie B. Doyle, New York City.
H. N. Webber, Waterville.
Helen Leigh Webber, Waterville.
H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass.
F. Herbert Parlin, Ea. Winthrop.
Elizabeth A. Thompson, Augusta.
Mrs. I. F. Thompson, Augusta.
Mrs. Nellie M. Parlin, Ea. Winthrop.
Mrs. Geo. C. Libby, Augusta.
Mrs. Geo. Woodward, Gardiner.
Mrs. M. Woodward, Gardiner.
A. M. Thomas, Houlton.
Mrs. Geo. E. Safford, Skowhegan.
Mrs. Gusta Murray, Gardiner.
Mrs. Mary A. Porter, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Annie E. Soule, Gardiner.
Mrs. M. A. Davenport, Gardiner.
Mrs. Ann Palmer, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. E. W. Atwood, Gardiner.
John F. Hill, Augusta.
Sidney M. Bird, Rockland.
Mrs. John Sabin, Gardiner.
A. E. Harlow, Lewiston.
Miss Etta Towle, Lewiston.
Mrs. Fred E. McCausland, Gardiner.
Grace Parker Doyle, New York.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Hartshorn, Augusta.
Mrs. Thomas Farnham, Augusta.
Mrs. F. B. Smith, Augusta.
Mrs. N. G. Hunton, Readfield.

William J. Kilburn, New Bedford, Mass.
Augusta P. Aiken Kilburn, New Bedford, Mass.
Mrs. G. W. Hunton, Readfield.
W. H. Fuller, Skowhegan.
G. W. Hunton, Readfield.
Chas. W. Thomas, Portland.
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Mr. and Mrs. David E. Williams, Philadelphia.
W. F. Jordan, Brookline, Mass.
Robert C. Edson, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. Lendall Titcomb, Augusta.
Wm. Caldwell Titcomb, Augusta.
Mrs. Annie Fuller Boyle, Augusta.
Mrs. Lizzie Andrews Cooper, Richmond.
Miss Caro Cooper, Richmond.
Mabel R. Porter, Newburyport, Mass.
Llewellyn Powers, Augusta.
John M. Glidden, Augusta.
Henry R. Page Medford, Mass.
Mrs. H. R. Page, Medford, Mass.
Chas. H. Thing.
Jackson M. Libby, Augusta.
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson, Augusta.
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W. F. Livingstone, Augusta.
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Mrs. Clara M. Burr, So. Natick, Mass.
Chas. E. Nye, West Medford, Mass.
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Mrs. S. J. Webb, Dorchester, Mass.
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Gustavus Moore, Gardiner.
Mrs. Susan Wiley Landers, Gardiner.
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Miss Lizzie Russell, Augusta.
Miss Iuez Russell, Augusta.
Mrs. O'Donnell and daughter, Rockland.
Chas. H. Nason, Augusta.
Emma Huntington Nason, Augusta.
Alice Mayo Huntington, Augusta.
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Miss Julia M. Andrews, Augusta.
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Mrs. Sarah Hinckley, Augusta.
Miss Jennie Hinckley. "
Mrs. Annie F. Smith. "
Miss Helen Wilder, Augusta.
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Mrs. Lizzie Leeman Brandt, Charlestown, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Hawes, Augusta.

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